DECORATED IN HONOR OF ITALY'S KING AND QUEEN.

Their Majesties to Arrive at th Capital on Wednesday and to Be Royally Entertained.

PRECAUTIONS TO BE TAKEN

DETECTIVES WILL CONSTANTLY AC-COMPANY THE VISITORS.

And No Suspects Will Be Permitted at Large-Franco-Italian Arbitration Treaty Possible.

PARIS, Oct. 11 .- Because of the prospect that it may have political results as important as those which attended the courtesies personally exchanged by President Loubet and King Edward, France is awaiting with eagerness the approaching visit of the King and Queen of Italy, who, accompanied by the Italian foreign minister and other distinguished Italian officials, will cross the French frontier Wednesday morning.

The first official reception to their Majesties will be given at Dijon, and from the frontier until they reach Paris King Victor Emmanuel and his consort will see decorations including the entwined arms of France and Italy, which the enthusiastic French peasants have raised at almost every station.

of Deputies, the ministers of state and other high officials of the republic. French their striking uniforms, will long lines from the station along the flagthrough the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysees to the Place de la Concorde, where a battery will add its thunder to the official welcome.

Between the lines of troops the Italian | 3 o'clock this morning Kotz heard a noise rulers, accompanied by the French . Presi- down stairs, and picking up a revolver, dent and Mme. Loubet, will drive to the palace of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, by his wife, carrying a dim light. Kotz where they will be lodged during their stay. The apartments have been exquisitely furnished and the King will sleep in the bed occupied by Napoleon. Many souvenirs of for his own life, fired two shots. Brown Marie Antoinette will beautify Queen Helena's boudoir. The King and Queen will dine at the palace of the Elysee, the President's residence, on Wednesday evening, and on Thursday they will go with President and Mme. Loubet to Versailles, returning in the evening in time to attend a gala his own home. He made his entrance performance at the Grand Opera, in which some of the most distinguished artists in France will appear. The visitors will be driven through the principal thoroughfares of the city on Friday and visit the mint. A reception will be given in their honor at the Hotel de Ville in the afternoon, and in the evening Foreign Minister Delcasse will give a banquet to their Majesties.

On Saturday the King will go shooting with the President in the state preserves at Rambouillet, while the Queen will visit the Museum of the Louvre with Mme. Loubet. The day will end with a family dinner at the Palace Elysee.

On Sunday there will be a grand review of the garrison of Paris on the parade grounds at Vincennes and in the afternoon

the royal party will leave Paris on their return to Rome. The decorations being put up in Paris in honor of the visit of the King and Queen of Italy will surpass those erected for King Edward. On the Palace de la Madeleine a large arch has been constructed bearing the inscription "Viva Vittorio Emanuele," and along the principal avenues have been stretched lines of bunting with electric lights concealed within artificial flowers, looped upon crimson and gold Venetian masts. Two large columns stand at the entrance to the Avenue de l'Opera, one surmounted by the lion of St. Mark's and

the other with the wolf-suckled Romulus and Remus, reminders of the arms of Rome. Arches which will be lighted with electricity have been erected in the Avenue de l'Opera and at the junction of Rue Royale and Rue du Faubourg St. Honore. The statesmen of France and Italy recognize that there are possibilities in the visit of the Italian King of the greatest importance which may lead to closer relations and seriously affect the triple alliance. Signor Prinetti, the former foreign minister of-Italy, has declared that, allfed, the two the European concert. President Loubet shares the opinion and earnestly seeks a rapprochement with a Franco-Italian treaty of arbitration similar with the one about to be concluded with Great Britain. During the visit the greatest precautions will be taken to prevent any injury to the King. Every suspect will be arrested and detectives will accompany the sovereigns during the entire period of their stay in French territory.

Why the Czar Will Not Visit Rome. PARIS, Oct. 11 .- The Figaro this morning, publishing from an "authoritative" source that the statement that the Czar's visit to Rome has been postponed, adds: "This decision will not affect the good re-Rome and St. Petersburg. The mere raising in certain political circles of the question whether the Czar would be welcomed Czar Nicholas is not afraid of hostile demonstrations, but he cannot carry out the plans for his visit while the Socialist friendly court, but the whole Italian nation. It is hoped in Russia that the circumstances compelling the postponement enabling his Majesty to make the visit he

GERMANY VS. AMERICA.

so greatly desires."

Two Nations Compete at the World's Fair in Science of Forestry.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 11.-The United States participate in a competitive exhibit at the world's fair in St. Lauis. Uncle Sam will have for his rival the German empire. Which nation's methods of forest management is best and most practical is the problem to be solved by actual demonstra-

Two tracts of land, already partially covered with trees, and each about five acres in extent, have been assigned to the as the laboratory of their tests. The two | the chief captain of the ships, if, peradlie side by side, so that the visitors may walk through what the Americans call an 'arboretum" and observe all American methods of forestry, and then step across into what the German designates as a dict ran the ships on the land, and the

method.-No trees will be cut from either tract. Hather transplanting will be resorted to, and when the exposition opens miniature forests, perfect in every detail, with narlow gravel walks winding in and out may be seen. Every tree that thrives in the latitude of St. Louis will be represented and the specimen can be easily designated. Attached to each tree will be an aluminium label on which will be stamped the botan-

ical and common names. same. Each display will embrace prac-tically the same number of trees and they "29. Thus ended the battle between the will be practically of the same varieties.

Here all similarity ceases. The treatment will accord with the practices in vogue in the respective countries. In the American inhabitations." the respective countries. In the American arboretum the trees will be planted, trained and pruned and treated according to the American idea. In the German forest garden will be reproduced, in the miniature, the effects that obtained in the forests of the fatherland, and the story of how the wonderful forests of that wonderful coun-

try have been preserved through ages, and renewed from time to time, will be told by

The exhibits will be in charge of the most expert foresters to be found in the two countries. Interest will not center in the exhibits merely because they represent all that is best in the forestry of both countries, but because of the practical demonstrations. tical demonstrations and tests that will be made every day of the exposition. Trees will be transplanted and the most approved apparatus for this work will be shown in actual operation. Trees will be pruned and all of the implements used will be a part of the exhibit. Trees will be inoculated with disease, and when the disease is fully developed the most approved treatment will be accorded the affected trees. Careful data will be kept on all such experiments and the results will be made known, together with a full description of the treatment in order that the preservation of the forests may be ac-

Forests probably have more deadly foes in the insect world than they have in the ax of the woodman, and far more difficult to circumvent. This will afford an exhibit of exceptional interest. Collections of the insect enemies to trees will be gathered and kept carefully isolated. On occasions best adapted to experiments that will reveal all the effects of the destroying powers of the insect, and the efficacy of the treatment to be given, the insects will be released and permitted to attack the trees. Then sprays, washes and other treatments will be resorted to. Some valuable experiment will be made every day and full details may be had of the process and results.

Much rivalry exists between the German and American foresters, and each class will do all in their power to prove that their methods are the best.

RETIRED HOTEL KEEPER SHOT IN ANOTHER MAN'S ROOM.

Entered a Stranger's Dwelling, Declined to Tell What He Wanted and Was Severely Wounded.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 11 .- Henry Brown, On arriving in Paris at half-past 2 o'clock | a retired hotel-keeper, and a man of con-Wednesday afternoon their Majesties will siderable means, was mistaken for a burbe received at the Bois du Boulogne Rail- | glar early this morning and was shot by way station by President and Mme. Loubet, Peter Kotz, into whose house Brown had the president of the Senate and Chamber | forced an entrance. Brown was shot twice in the head, and his physicians have no hope for his recovery. Brown's act in breaking into Kotz's house is unexplainable, exsurround the station and stretch in two cept on the ground of insanity. Brown was acting strangely in the early part of the bedecked Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, evening, and is said to have been drinking quite heavily.

Kotz lives in a suburb remote from Brown's home, and the two men and their families were entirely unacquainted. About went down to the drawing room, followed demanded to know who Brown was and what he wanted. Brown made no answer, but instead walked toward Kotz, who, thinking Brown was a burglar, and fearing fell with the second shot and has remained inconscious since. Kotz immediately gave simself up to the police and is still under arrest. Brown was taken to St. Francis's Hospital. His unconscious condition permits of no explanation of his conduct, but the supposition is that in his bewildered condition he thought he was getting into through a window.

FREAK BOOKS ABOUT OLD TIMES.

Startling Information About Period of the War for Independence.

Washington Post. If one had the time it would be well worth the trouble to spend a month at the Library of Congress, looking over what the librarians call "freak books." Now and then, in all countries and climates, some one is seized with a desire to write a book in some manner other than the way usualfollowed, and such productions are oftentimes grotesque and ridiculous. This is not only the case at present, but it has always been so, and nearly every age can show the work of some person who had nothing better to do than to busy himself with the production of a work that was chiefly remarkable for its utterly nonsensical outlandish character. Of these, one of the most remarkable is a book entitled "The American Revolution," written in "Scriptural or ancient historical style, by Richand Snowden, Baltimore. Printed by W. Pechin, 10 Second street." No date given, nor is there any preface or foreword as to who or what the author was, but it is evident from the name of the publisher and several other things that it appeared some time about the year 1796. The book is just what its title announces, a very blundering and poor attempt at writing a history of the revolution in the English of the Stuart period, which ignorant people imagine was the spoken tongue of Moses, St. Paul and all the other Bible characters. In fact, the work is somewhat on the style of the Mormon Bible, that is to say, written in nineteenth century English with "And it came to pass," or an "exceeding sore" ladeled in here and there to give it a somewhat Bib-

seems that people were somewnat given to this form of diversion in the early days of the Republic, and it is now a fact well known to students of American history that the Mormon Bible, that is to say, the Book of Mormon, was simply cabbaged bodily by Sidney Ridgon from a Biblical romance written by a preacher of the name

of Samuel Spalding. The work in question, which may be seen by any visitor to the Library of Congress, begins as follows: "I In the thirteenth year of the reign of

George the King, whose dominions extended from the island of Britain to the uttermost parts of the earth. The same King made a decree to tax

the people of the provinces in the land of Columbia, for they had paid no tribute to the King, neither they nor their forefath-The battle of Lake Champlain is thus de-

scribed: And it came to pass when the ships of the King of Britain were drawing night suffices to wound Russian susceptibilities. unto the navy of Benedict (Arnold), that the men of war shouted, and the shouting

of the warriors was heard afar off. "21. And Benedict, the chief captain of party is discussing its attitude toward a the navy in Columbia, and Pringle, the sovereign who is not merely visiting a chief captain of the ships of the King of Britain, thirsted for battle, and the roaring of the destroying engines was heard, and the battle lasted until the time of the of the Czar's visit to Rome will soon cease, offering of the evening sacrifice, and two of the ships that were with Benedict fell a

prey unto the men of Britain. "22. And it came to pass, while it was yet night, that Benedict escaped with the remnant of the ships; and when the sun arose the chief captain of the ships of the King of Britain thought to have ended the warfare with Benedict; and, lo! he looked and behold, the ships were departed from

"23. Then the mariners hoisted up the anchors of the ships and toosened the sails to the wind, and made all speed to pursue after Benedict and the men who were with

him in the ships. "24. And when the wind sprang up the ships moved swiftly upon the face of the water and overtook Benedict in the ships. Nevertheless, some of those who were the foremost escaped to the hold that Ethan Allen) and Benedict had taken.

But Benedict, seeing that the remnant of the ships could not escape from falling to the men of Britain, he cast out fear and prepared to fight with Pringle, venture, he could by any means get his

men out of the ships to land "26. And the battle waxed hot, and continued for a space of two hours, and Bene-"forest garden" and learn the German ships were as walls and bulwarks against the men got safe to land.

> should fall into the hands of the servants | would know what was going over the town of Great Britain, he burned them with fire. and would not shoot at him. He made the hedrim (the Continental Congress) was in he was found far below with a broken arm the ship that Benedict was in, and he cast and other injuries, while the flying machine in his mind that he should get a blot if the was a wreck. The machine had two large banner should fall into the hands of the wings, made to fasten to his arms. Scrogenemy; therefore, he tarried in the ship han will make changes in his machine as on names.
>
> ct the exhibits will be the great honor among the armed men, and his

REGIMENT OF TROOPS FIFTEEN MILES FROM CHINESE CAPITAL.

Announcement Made by M. Lessar that the Convention in Regard to Manchuria Has Lapsed.

NEGOTIATIONS WITH JAPAN

RUSSIAN MINISTRY AWAITING IN-STRUCTIONS FROM HOME.

No Further Warlike Moves Made by Either Nation-Both Evidently Prepared for Contingencies.

YOKOHAMA, Oct. 10 .- Baron Von Rosen the Russian minister to Japan, is still awaiting instructions from his government in the matter of negotiations now proceeding between Japan and Russia.

A Russian regiment from the Baikal military district is reported to have arrived at Feng-Chenn-Ting, about fifteer miles northwest of Peking and ninety miles from the Russian frontier.

announced that the Manchurian convention has lapsed. The Manchurian convention between Russia and China was signed April 8, 1902, and according to it the evacuation of the three Manchurian provinces was to be carried out in three successive periods of six months from the signing of the convention. A note from M. Lessar was appended to the convention declaring that "if the Chinese govnot hold itself bound either by the terms of

the Manchurian agreement or by the decla-

rations previously made in connection with

diate any responsibility and consequences that might result therefrom.' China was to be permitted to maintain whatever force she thought necessary in Manchauria after the evacuation of that territory. Russia also agreed if Tien-Tsin was restored to the Chinese within the first six months to evacuate New-Chwang at the time this restoration was made. The allies turned over Tien-Tsin to the Chinese Aug. 15 last year. The convention was to have been ratified within three months, but | country. These losses are doubtless irrepthis was not done. Last month M. Lessar, in his note to the Chinese foreign board, promised to begin the evacuation of Manchuria Oct. 8, provided China accepted several conditions, which China has refused to do, under pressure principally from Japan

CONFLICTING REPORTS.

and Great Britain.

One Says War Is Imminent and Another Says All Is Quiet.

LONDON, Oct. 12 .- The correspondent of the Morning Post at Che-Foo, telegraphing Oct. 10, says: "It is stated that the Japanese have decided to declare hostilities to-morrow on the expiration of their ultimatum to Russia. The Russian fleet has cleared from Port Arthur. It is reported that the Japanese are landing troops at Masanpho, Korea. "There are strong indications that Ger-

many favors hostilities, on the ground that it would enable her to extend her sphere of influence in China. "A number of field guns were embarked at Port Arthur yesterday for an unknown

destination. All the available force of workmen is employed on the fortifications. "The cholera and the plague have broken out among the Russians at New Chwang." Another dispatch to the Morning Post from Che-Foo, dated Oct. 11, 8:50 p. m., says: "The situation is unchanged. All is quiet at Port Arthur. Hostilities are still believed be imminent. It is asserted that the commencement. There is an exodus of Chinese merchants from the Yal valley. They are arriving at Che-Foo.'

The Daily Mail's correspondent at Shanghai telegraphs: "Careful inquiries show that the only Japanese troops at Ma-San-Pho are on the small territory conceded to Japan in connection with railway building, and their presence is therefore in accordance with treaty rights.'

A Singapore dispatch to the Daily Mail says that the British admirals of the China. Australian and East Indian squadrons have arrived at that port and will confer aboard his majesty's steamship Glory to-morrow to discuss the questions of naval concentration and strategy in the far East." The Tokio correspondent of the Times

telegraphs that the statement that Russia has proposed the partition of Corea is un- a bad twenty-franc piece. founded. It is generally asserted, but not yet officially confirmed, that Japan has obtained the concession for the Seoule-Kaiseng section of the Seoul-Wiju Railway and also for the Masan-Pho branch.

WAR IS POSSIBLE.

Both Japan and Russia Acting as if They Might Fight.

BERLIN, Oct. 11 .- Russia and Japan act as though either would fight if the other should hold immovably to the position taken up in the last exchange of communications. This is the actual situation as understood officially from reports received from the German embassy in St Petersburg and the German legation at Tokio. Yet this mutual attitude with hostile preparations by both countries is still regarded here as not excluding an honorable arrangement. Neither government has gone so far that it must fight or be hustep can put the other in that position. it." This delicate balance may, of course, be violently disturbed any day, though no ultimatum has yet been thrown on either

It is believed here officially that war. should it occur, would be between Russia and Japan alone, and that neither England nor France would be involved. Frederick the Great's remark was quoted as llustrating the present posture of affairsnegotiations without weapons behind you | there." are like a musical tone without instru-

Indiana Rival To Langley.

Stone City News.

Charles Scroghan, who lives three miles south of Nashville, Brown county, made an unsuccessful attempt to fly over Nashville Saturday night with a flying machine, built after his own ideas. Scroghan is thirtyseven years old, and since boyhood has been a fiver of kites and balloons. Two years ago he began making a machine with which he hoped to fly, the contrivance to be strapped about his body. He worked patiently during the two years, and several times thought he had successfully solved the problem of flying through the air, but his attempts were failures. He did not give up, but continued making improvements, and two weeks ago climbed upon the house where he lives and jumped off. He came slowly to the ground. The effort fired him with hope, as he loitered before shop windows or and he went to Nashville and spread the word that he was going to start from Weed Patch hill last Saturday night and fly over the town. He said he would start at dark and carry a lantern. He said he thought "27. And Benedict, fearing lest the ships he would tell the people about it, so they Now the banner of the great San- attempt from a high cliff. After he jumped

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Searching for a leak in a gaspipe in a telephone subway at inter in a manhole, causing a terrific extoto laintern in a manhole, causing a terrific extom to laintern in a manhole, causing a terrific extom William Robinson, both employes of the Empire City Subway Telephone Company. Four other men, who through curriosity were standing around the manhole, were blown from their feet and severely burned.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Searching for a leak in a gaspipe in a telephone subway at leighth avenue and Twenty-third street, toninght, Julian Munroe lowered a lighted to see him.

"You are Miss Spring?" he said, when she had given him her hand—"and you've come into all your mother had that was worth inheriting, haven't you?"

"Mr. Bines, shall we not see you now? I wanted so much to talk with you when I heard everything. Would it be impertinent to say I sympathized with you?"

He looked over the above it.

"So! you are back to earth; you are a human like the rest, so foolish, so funny as any—as power burnet tender green of new leaves. She was unaffectedly any—so you say, 'Well, I shall not be more troubled again yet. I play the same game, but it is only a game, a little game to last any many—as many stars under the earth, remember, as above it.

"So! you are back to earth; you are sa human like the rest, so foolish, so funny as any—so you say, 'Well, I shall not be more troubled again yet. I play the same game, but it is only a game, a little game to last any—as many—stars under the earth, remember, as above it.

"So! you are back to earth; you are sa human like the rest, so foolish, so funny as any—so you say, 'Well, I shall not be more troubled again yet. I play the same game, but it is only a game, a little game to last any—as many—stars under the earth, rest, so foolish, so funny as any—so you say, 'Well, I shall not be more to last, any of the member, as above it.

"So! you are back to earth; you are sa human like the rest, so foolish, so funny as any—so you say, 'Well, I shall not be more to last,

SPENDERS A TALE OF THE THIRD GENERATION

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Chapter XXXVII is repeated for benefit of readers who do not receive the Sunday Journal.] Shepler and Mrs. Van Geist were inspecting

a tray of jewels.

make a plenty more."

a man-I'd show them!"

know."

"Really, Miss Milbrey-"

sure—when are you leaving?"

"I shall leave to-morrow."

few days after to-morrow."

Milbrey."
"Ah, Bines, glad to see you!

regret in the girl's eyes.

be along in just a moment.

find no words for it.

"Good-bye, Mr. Bines."

couches of royal velvet.

again, more cheerfully.

udgment," he said to himself.

his way back to Marburg.

new strongness of character.'

Percival extended his hand.

the Oldakers' again.'

Shepler came up

ance of his loss.

New Yorkers would. Besides we can always

The situation was, emphatically, not as

he had so often dreamed it when she should

you, because I've made a fluke here!"

saw that Shepler was waiting for her.
"I think your friends are impatient."

"You can't know what my ideas are."

selves. Papa and mamma go to-morrow-

talk with you-I wish we were dining at

"I'm afraid," said Shepler, "your aunt

doesn't want to be kept waiting. And she's

already in a fever for fear you won't prefer

the necklace she insists you ought to pre-

"Tell Aunt Cornelia, please, that I shall

"She's quite impatient, you know," urged

"Good-bye, Miss Milbrey. Don't let me de-

She gave him her hand uncertainly, as if

she had still something to say, but could

"Good-bye, young man," Shepler shook

hands with him cordially, "and the best of luck to you out there. I shall hope to hear

good reports from you. And mind, you're to

ook us up when you're in town again. We

shall always be glad to see you. Good-bye!"

largest diamonds reposed chastely on their

Percival smiled as he resumed his walk-

smiled with all that bitter cynicism which

only youth may feel to its full poignance.

Yet, heartless as she was, he recalled that

while she talked to him he had imprinted

an imaginary kiss deliberately upon her full

scarlet lips. And now, too, he was forced to

confess that, in spite of his very certain

knowledge about her, he would actually pre-

fer to have communicated it through the

recognized physical media. He laughed

"The spring has got a strangle-hold on my

At dinner that night he had the com-

pany of that estimable German savant, the

Herr Dr. Von Herzlich. He did not seek to

ncur the experience, but the amiable doc-

tor was so effusive and interested that he

saw no way of avoiding it gracefully. Re-

turned from his archaeological expedition

to Central America, the doctor was now on

"I pleasure much in your news," said the

cheerful man over his first glass of Rhine

I have misapprehended you not, develop a

Percival resigned himself to listen. He

"Ach! It is but now that you shall begin

money-amassing you were deferring to live

-ah, yes-until some day when you had so

much more? Yes? A common thought-fail-

ure it is-a common failure of the to-take-

thoughtedness of life-its capacities and the

intentions of the scheme under which we

survive. Ach! So few humans learn that this

nvitation to live specifies not the hours,

ike a 5-oclock. It says-so well as Father-

Mother Nature has learned to write the

words to our unseeing eyes-'at once,' but

at once-until to-morrow-next day, next

came-no matter the all-money you gath-

"Nor yet, my young friend, shall you take

this matter to be of a seriousness, to be sor-

row-worthy. If you take of the courage, you

shall find the world to smile to your face,

and father-mother you. You recall what the

English Huxley says-Ah! what fine, dear

man, the good Huxley-he says, yes, in the

Genealogy of the Beasts,' 'It is a probable

hypothesis that what the world is to organ-

isms in general, each organism is to the

molecules of which it is composed.' So you

augh at the world, the world it laugh back

ha! ha! ha!'-then-soly-all your little

molecules obediently respond-you thrill

with the happiness-with the power-the de-

sire-the capacity-you out-go and achieve

Yes? So fret not. Ach! we fret so much of

what it shall be unwise to fret of. It is

funny to fret. Why? Why fret? Yet but

the month last, they have excavated at Nip-

pur, from the pre-Sargonic strata, a lady

and a gentleman of the House of Ptah

What you say in New York-'a damned fine

old family,' yes, is it not? I am read their

description, and seen of the photographs.

ence-of disinterest-without the prejudice-

as if they say, 'Ach! those troubles of ours, three thousand eight hundred years in the

B. C .- nearly come to six thousand years

hilosophic-now lady and gentleman, of the

House of Ptah of Babylonia-such a silli-

ness-those troubles and frets; it was not

the while-worth that we should ever have

sorrowed, because the scheme of time and

creation is suchly big; had we grasped but

its bigness, and the littleness of our span,

like the street youths say-would say the

lady and gentleman now so passionless as

to have philosophers become. And you, it

niest when they weep and tremble before,

like you say, 'the facts in the case.' Ha! I

should mean to you much. Humans are fun-

laugh to myself at them often when I ob-

serve. Their funniness of the beards and

eyebrows, the bald head, of the dress, the

solemnities of manner, as it were they were

persons of weight. Ah, they are of their in-

significance so loftily unconscious. Was it

not great skill-to compel the admiration of

of a numberless mass of units and then to

enable it to feel each one the importance

of the whole, as if each part were big as the

"If the fret invade you, you shall do well

to lie out in the friendly space, and look at

this small top-spinning of a world through

the glass that reduces. Yes? You had

thought it of such bigness-its concerns of

a sublime tragicness? Yet see now, these

clothes made for such funny little purpos

whole? So you shall not fret I say.

should we have felt griefs? Nay, nay-nit,

before now-Ach! those troubles,' says the

we ever put off the living we are invited to

was not unfamiliar with the lot of one wh

dines with the learned Von Herzlich.

"Now he's off." he said to himself.

wine with the olive in it. "You shall now, it

He led the girl back to the case where the

tain you. Sorry I shall not see you again."

"I wish we might have talked more-I'm

CHAPTER XXXVII. THE DEPARTURE OF UNCLE PETER-AND SOME GERMAN PHILOSOPHY. The Bineses, with the exception of Psyche, were at breakfast a week later. Miss Bines had been missing since the day that Mr. and Mrs. Cecil G. H. Mauburn had left for Montana City to put the Bines home in or-

Uncle Peter and Mrs. Bines had now determined to go, leaving Percival to follow when he had closed his business affairs. "It's like starting West again to make our fortune," said Uncle Peter. He had suffered himself to regain something of his old

cheerfulness of manner. "I wish you two would wait until they can get the car here, and go back with me,' said Percival. "We can go back in style even if we didn't save much more than a get-away stake."

But his persuasions were unavailing. "I can't stand it another day," said Mrs. Bines, "and those letters keep coming in from poor suffering people that haven't heard the news."

"I'm too restless to stay," declared Uncle Peter. "I declare, with spring all greenin' up this way I'd be found campin' up in Central Park some night and took off to the M. Lessar, Russian minister to China, has calaboose. I just got to get out again where you can feel the wind blow and see a hundred miles and don't have to dodge horseless horse-cars every minute. It's a wonder one of 'em ain't got me in this town. You come on in the car, and do the style fur the family. One of them common Pullmans is good enough for Marthy and me. And besides, I got to get Billy Brue back. He's goin' plumb daft lookin' night and day fur that man ernment, notwithstanding the assurances that got his thirty dollars and his breastgiven by it, violates any provision of the pin. He says there'll be an ambulance convention, the Russian government will backed up at the spot where he meets him -makes no difference if it's right on Fifth avenue. Billy's kind of near-sighted at that, so I'm mortal afraid he'll make a mistake the matter and will be compelled to repuone of these nights and take some honest man's money and trinkets away from him. "Well, here's a Sun editorial to take back

> with us," said Percival; "you remember we came East on one." He read aloud: "The great fall in the price of copper, Western Trolley and cordage stocks has ruined thousands of people all over this arable so far as the stocks in question are concerned. The losers will have to look elsewhere for recovery. That they will do so with good courage is not to be doubted. It might be argued with reasonable plausibility that Americans are the greatest fatalists in the world; the readiest to take chances and the least given to whining

> when the cards go against them. "A case in point is that of a certain Western family whose fortune has been swept away by the recent financial hurricane. If ever a man liked to match with destiny, not 'for the beers,' but for big stakes, the young head of the family in question appears to have been that man. He persisted in believing that the power and desire of the rich men controlling these three stocks were great enough to hold their securities at a point far above their actual value. In this persistence he displayed courage worthy of a better reward. A courage, moreoverthe gambler's courage—that is typically American. Now he has had plenty of that pleasure of losing which, in Mr. Fox's estimation, comes next to the pleasure of win-

"From the point of view of the political economist or the moralist, thrift, saving and contentment with a modest competence are to be encouraged, and the propensity to Russians have fixed Friday next for their gamble is to be condemned. We stand by the copy-book precepts. Yet it is only honest to confess that there is something of this young American's love for chances in most of us. American life is still so fluid, the range of opportunity so great, the national temperament so buoyant, daring and hopeful, that it is easier for an American to try his luck again than to sit down snugly and enjoy what he has. The fun and the excitement of the game are more than the game. There are Americans and plenty of them who will lose all they have in some magnificent scheme, and make much less fuss about it than a Paris shopkeeper would over | year-until this or that be done or won. So | The longing buds into flowers tripped

"Our disabled young Croesus from the West is a luminous specimen of the type. The country would be less interesting without his kind, and, on the whole, less healthy -for they provide one of the needed ferments. May the young man make another fortune in his own far West-and come once rattle the dry bones of our

"He'll be too much stuck on Montana by the time he gets that fortune," observed

"I will that, Uncle Peter. Still it's pleasant to know we've won their good opinion." "Excuse me fur swearin', Marthy," said Uncle Peter, turning to Mrs. Bines, "but he can win a better opinion than that

Montana fur a damn sight less money."

"That editor is right," said Mrs. Bines. "what he says about American life being 'fluid.' There's altogether too much drinkmiliated, but either Cabinet by a single ing goes on here, and I'm glad my son quit | They have now the expressions of indiffer-

Percival saw them to the train. "Take care of yourself," said Uncle Peter at parting. "You know I ain't any good any more, and you got a whole family, includin' an Englishman, dependin' on you-we'll throw him on the town, though, if he don't take out his first papers the minute I get

His last shot from the rear platform was: "Change your name back to 'Pete,' son, when you get west of Chicago. 'Tain't anything fancy, but it's a crackin' good business name fur a hustler!" "All right, Uncle Peter-and I hope I'll have a grandson that thinks as much of it

as I do of yours. When they had gone, he went back to the work of final adjustment. He had the help of Coplen, whom they had sent for. With him he was busy for a week. By lucky sales of some of the securities that had been hypothecated they managed to save a little; but, on the whole, it was what Percival described it, "a lovely autopsy. At last the vexatious work was finished, and he was free again. At the end of the final day's work he left the office of Fouts in Wall street, and walked up Broadway. He went slowly, enjoying the freedom from care. It was the afternoon of a day when the first summer heat had been felt, and walked slowly through that street where all move quickly and most very hurriedly, a funny little animals on the surface of the welcome little breeze came up from the bay spinning ball. How frantic, as if all things to fan him and encourage his spirit of

At Union Square, when he would have taken a car to go the remainder of the distance, he saw Shepler, accompanied by Mrs. Van Geist and Miss Milbrey, alight from a victoria and enter a jeweler's. He would have passed on, but Miss Mil-brey had seen him, and stood waiting in the "Mr. Bines—I'm so giad!"

She stood, flushed with pleasure, radiant n stuff of filmy pink, with little flecks at doorway while Shepler and Mrs. Van Geist went on into the store.

self-a great game, yes-'let her rip,' like you West people remark-'let her rip-you cannot lose me,' like you say also. Ach, so! And then he say, the great Planner of it, 'Ach! I am understood at last-good!-bright man that,' like you say, alsobright man that-it is of a pleasure to

"So my young friend, you shall pleasure yourself still much yet. It is of an excel-ence to pleasure one's self judiciously. The otus is a leguminous plant-so excellent for the salad-not for the roast. You have of the salad overeaten-you shall learn of your successful capacity for it-you shall do well, then, You have been of the reckless deportment-you may still be of it. That is not the matter. You shall be reckless as you like-but without your stored energy surplus to harm you. Your environment from the now demands of you the faculties you "Of course not impertinent-very kindonly I'm really not in need of any symwill most pleasure yourself in developing. pathy at all. You won't understand it; but You shall produce what you consume. The we don't care so much for money in the gods love such. Ach, yes!" West-for the loss of it-not so much as you

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SOME PHENOMENA PECULIAR TO SPRING.

marvel, perhaps regretfully, over his su-periority to her husband as a money-maker. He awoke early, refreshed and intensely His only relief was to belittle the importalive. With the work done he became conscious of a feeling of disassociation from "Of course we've lost everything, almost -but I've not been a bit downcast about it. the surroundings in which he had so long There's more where it came from, and no been at home. Many words of the talkative end of fun going after it. I'm looking for-German were running in his mind from the ward to the adventures, I can tell you. And every one will be glad to see me there; night before. He was glad the business was they won't think the less of me, I assure off his mind. He would now go the pleasant

"Surely, Mr. Bines, no one here could think less of you. Indeed, I think more of journey, and think on the way. His trunks were ready for the car; and you. I think it's fine and big to go back with before he went down stairs his handbag was such courage. Do you know, I wish I were packed, and the preparations for the start completed.

He looked over her shoulder again, and When, after his breakfast, he read the telegram announcing that the car had been "They can wait. Mr. Bines, I wonder if delayed twenty-four hours in Chicago, he you have quite a correct idea of all New was bored by the thought that he must "Probably not; I've met so few, you pass another day in New York. He was eager now to be off, and the time would "Well, of course-but of those you've hang heavily.

He tried to recall some forgotten detail of the business that might serve to occupy him. But the finishing had been thorough. "And we're leaving for the country our-He ran over in his mind the friends with whom he could spend the time agreeably. and, Mr. Bines, I should have fiked another He could recall no one he cared to see. He had no longer an interest in the town or its He observed Shepler strolling toward He went aimlessly out on Broadway in

"I shall be staying with Aunt Cornelia a the full flood of a spring morning, breathing the fresh air hungrily. It turned his "And I shall be leaving to-morrow, Miss thought to places out of the grime and clam-The accepted lover looked Miss Milbrey he might rest and feel the stimulus of his over with rather a complacent air-with the new plans. He felt aloof and sufficient unto unruffled confidence of assured possession Percival fancied there was a look almost of

He swung on to an open car bound north, and watched without interest the early quick-moving workers thronging south on the street, and crowding the cars that passed him. At Forty-second street, he changed to a Boulevard car that took him to the Fort Lee ferry and One-hundred-andtwenty-fifth street.

Out on the shining blue river he expanded his lungs to the clean, sweet air. Excursion boats, fluttering gay streamers, worked sturdily up the stream. Little yachts, in fresh-laundered suits of canvas, darted across their bows or slanted in their wakes, looking like white butterflies. The vivid blue of the sky was flecked with bits of broken fleece, scurrying like the yachts below. Across the river was a high-towering bank of green inviting him over its summit to the langorous freshness beyond.

He walked off the boat on the farther side and climbed a series of steep wooden stairways, past a tiny cataract that foamed its way down to the river. When he reached the top he walked through a stretch woods and turned off to the right, down a cool shaded road that wound away to the north through the fresh greens of oak and

He was entranced at once by the royal abandon of spring, this wondrous time of secret beginnings made visible. The old earth was become as a young wife from the arms of an ardent spouse, blushing into new life and beauty for the very joy of love. He breathed the dewy freshness, and presently he whistled the "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn, that bubbling, half-joyous, halfplaintive little prayer in melody.

He was well into the spirit of the time and place. His soul sang. The rested muscles of his body and mind craved the resistance of obstacles. He rejoiced. He had been wise to leave the city for the fresh, unspoiled country-the city with all its mean little fears, its petty immoralities and its very triffing to live. It is not that while you planned the great concerns. He did not analyze, more than to remember, once, that the not reti-cent German would approve his mood. He had sought the soothing quiet with the unfailing instinct of the wounded animal. The mysterious green life in the woods at either side allured him with its furtive pulsing. But he kept to the road and passed on. He was not yet far enough from the town. Some words from a little song rang in his

mind as he walked: "The naked boughs into green leaves now you will find this out. Before, you The little hills smiled as if they were glad, would have waited for a time that never | The little rills ran as if they were mad.

> "There was green on the earth and blue in The chrysalis changed to a butterfly

And our lovers, the honey-bees, all a-hum, To hunt for our hearts began to come." When he came to a village with an electric car clanging through it, he skirted its borders, and struck off through a woodland | grove. toward the river. Even the village was too human, too modern, for his early-pagan

In the woods he felt that curious thrill of stealth, that impulse to cautious concealment, which survives in man from the reways. On a southern hillside he found a enough to promise "entertainment for man dogwood tree with its blossomed firmament | and beast. of white stars. In low, moist places the violets had sprung through the thatch of leaves and were singing their purple beauties all unheard. Birds were nesting, and squirrels chattered and scolded

sounds went the steady undertone of life in root and branch and unfurling leaf-provoking, inciting, making lawless whomsoever it thrilled. He came out of the wood out on to an-

Under these more obvious signs and

and set off again to the north along the beaten track In an old-fashioned garden in front of a

working with a trowel. He stopped and looked at her over the palings. She was freshly pretty, with yellow hair blown about her face under the pushed back sunbonnet of blue. The look in her blue eyes was the look of one who had heard echoes; who had awakened with the spring to new life and longings, mysterious and unwelcome, but compelling. She stood up when he spoke; her sleeves

were turned prettily back upon her fair "Yes, the road turns to the left, a bit

She was blushing "You are planting flower seeds." "Yes; so many flowers were killed by the cold last winter. "I see; there must a lot of them have died

here, but their souls didn't go far, did they the love-worthlest scientist-to create a unit | now? She went to digging again in the black moist earth. He lingered. The girl worked on, and her blush deepened. He felt a lawless impulse to vault the palings, and carry her off to be a flower for ever in some wooded glade near by. He dismissed it as impracticable. His intentions would prob-

ably be misconstrued. "I hope your garden will thrive. It has a pretty pattern to follow. "Thank you! He raised his hat and passed on, thinking:

were about to eventuate, remembering not thinking of all the old dead flowers, and their pretty souls that had gone to bloom in that nothing ends. So? Observe the marks of their silliness, their unworthiness. You the heaven of the maiden's face. Before the road turned to the left he found a path leading over to the top of the palisade. There on a little rocky shelf, hunhave reduced the ball to so big as a melon, yes? Watch the insects run about in the craziness, laughing, crying, loving their loves, hating their hates, fearing, frettingireds of feet above the river, he lay a long killing one the other in such funny little time in the spring sun, looking over to the farther shore, where the city crept to the as when a practiced hand flutters the south, and lost its sharp lines in the smoky precisely-falling sick over the money-losdistance. There he smoked and gave him- knowing why when she stopped self up to the moment. He was glad to be At 10 o'clock he went in from under the out of that rush. He could see matters more | peering little stars and fell asleep in an an-He was glad of everything that had come. | the world, a football, clasped to his breast,

wanted so much to talk with you when I heard everything. Would it be impertinent to say I sympathized with you?"

What joys him most—the coward who fears and frets, and the whine makes for his soul to say I sympathized with you?"

The Maker there is to look down, in the saker there is good. I the saker the saker there is good. I the saker ther

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formed his manner of delivery. When he in a manner to make the right-spoken grieve. Thus, going back toward the road, after reviewing his great plans for the future, he spoke aloud: "I believe it's going to be a good game." When he became hungry he thought with relief that he would not be compelled to seek

one of those "hurry-up" lunch places with its clamor and crowd. What was the use of all that noise and crowding and piggish hurry? A remark of the German's recurred "It is a happy man who has divined the leisure of eteraty, so he feels it, like what you say, 'in his bones,' '

When he came out on the road again he thought regretfully of the pretty girl and her flower bed. He would have liked to go back and suggest that she sing to the seeds as she put them to sleep in their earth cradle, to make their awakening more beautiful. But he turned down the road that led away from the girl, and when he came to

a "wheelman's rest." he ate many sandwiches and drank much milk. The face of the maid that served him had been no heaven for the souls of dead flowers. Still she was a girl; and no girl could be wholly without importance on such a day. So he thought the things he would have said to her if matters had been different. When he had eaten, he loafed off again down the road. Through the long afternoon he walked and lazed, turning into strange lanes and by-roads, resting on grassy banks and looking far up. He followed Dr. Von Herzlich's directions, and, going off into space, reduced the earth, watching its little continents and oceans roll toward him, and viewing the antics of its queer inhabitants in fancy as he had often in fact viewed a populous little ant hil, with its busy, serious citizens. Then he would venture still farther-away out into timeless space, beyond even the starry refuse of creation, and

insolently regard the universe as a tiny cloud of dust. When the shadows stretched in the dusky languor of the spring evening, he began to take his bearings for the return. He heard the hum and clang off through a chestnut

The sound disturbed him, bringing premonitions of the city's unrest. He determined to stay out for the night. It was restful-his car would not arrive until late the next afternoon-there was no reason why he should not. He found a little wayside homote days when enemies beset his forest tel whose weather-beaten sign was ancient "Just what I want," he declared. "I'm both of them-man and beast."

Together they ate tirelessly of young chickens broiled, and a green salad, and a wonderful pie, with a bottle of claret that had stood back of the dingy little bar so long that it had attained, at least as to its label, a very fair antiquity. This time the girl was pretty again, and, he at once discovered, not indisposed to light conversation. Yet she was a shallow

other road that ran not far from the river, creature, with little mind for the subtler things of life and the springtime. He decided she was much better to look at than to talk to. With a just appreciation of her small house a girl bent over a flower bed, own charms she appeared to pose perpetually before an imaginary mirror, regaling him and herself with new postures, tossing her brown head, curving her supple waist, exploiting her thousand coquetries. He was pained to note, moreover, that she was more than conscious of the, red-cheeked youth who came in from the carriage shed, whist-

When the man and the beast had been appeased they sat out under a blossomed apple tree and smoked together in a fine spirit of amity He was not amazed when, in the gloom,

he saw the red-cheeked youth with both arms about the girl-nor was he shocked at detecting instantly that her struggles were meant to be futile against her assailant's might. The birds were mating, life was forward and nature loves to be democratically lavish with her choicest secrets. Why not, then, the blooming, full curved kitchen maid and the red-cheeked boy-of-all-work? He smoked and saw the night fall. The dulled bronze jangle of cowbells came soothingly to him. An owl called a little way off. Swallows flashed by in long graceful flights. A bat circled near, indecisively, as if with a message it hesitated to give. Once he heard the flute-like warble of a skylark. He was under the clean, sharp stars of a moonless night. His keen senses tasted the pungent smoke and the softer feminine fragrance of the apple blossoms. His nerves were stilled to pleasant case, except when the laugh of the girl floated to him from the grape arbor back of the house. That disturbed him to fierce longings-the clear, high measure of a woman's laugh floating to him in the night. And once she sang-some song common to her class. It moved him as her laugh did, making him vibrate to her, strings of a harp. He was glad without

He was glad of everything that had come.
Above all, glad to go back and carry on that big work of his father's—his father who had done so much to redeem the wilderness—and incidentally he would redeem his own manhood.

It will be recalled that the young man frequertly expressed himself with regrettable inclegance; that he habitually availed himself, indeed, of a most infelicitous species of metaphor. It must not be supposed that this spring day in the spring places had re-

ITo be Continued To-morrow.